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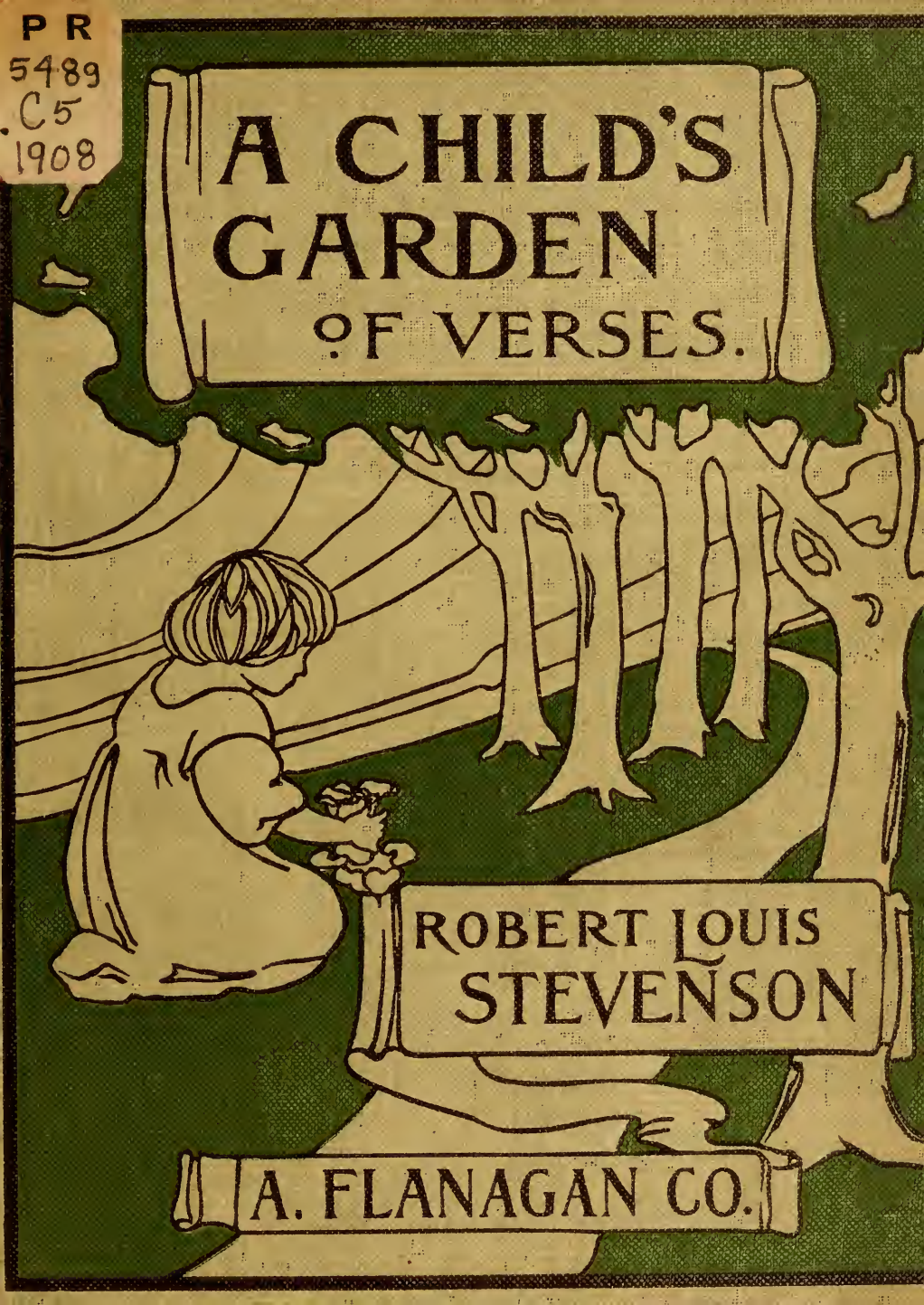
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.



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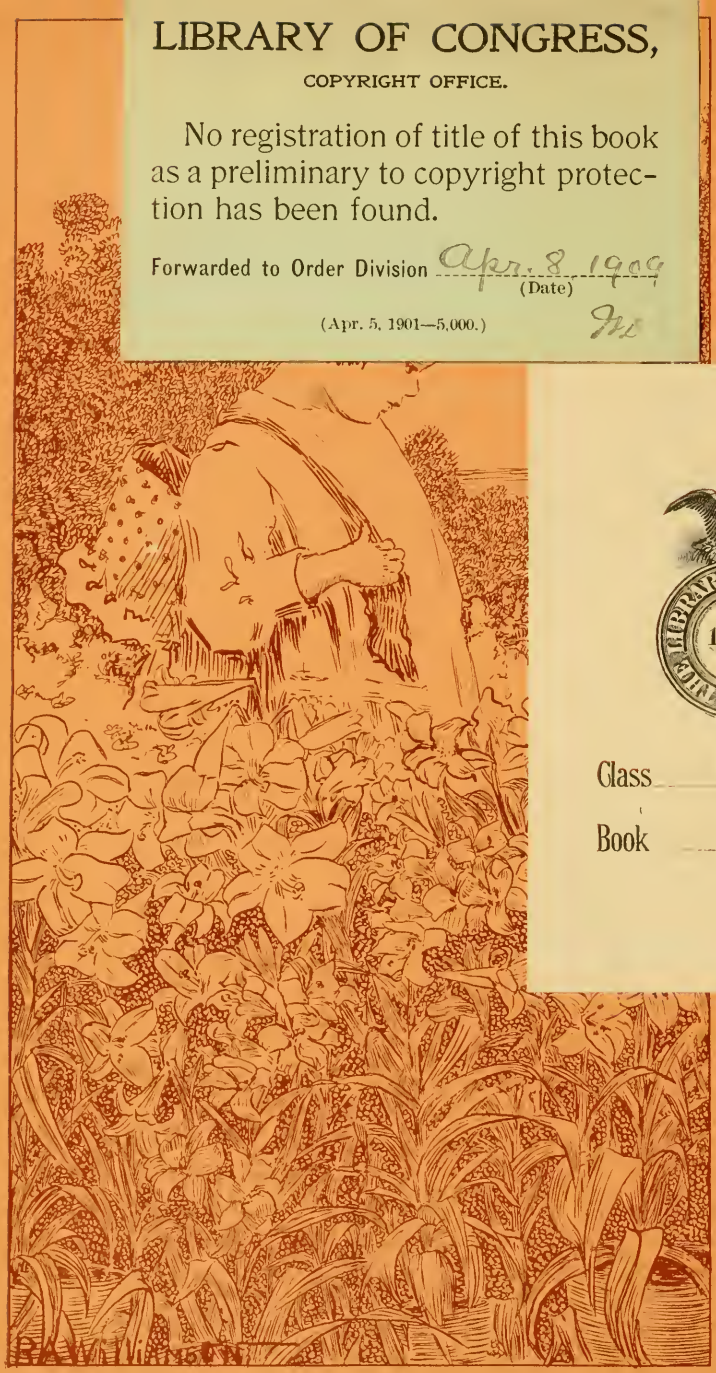

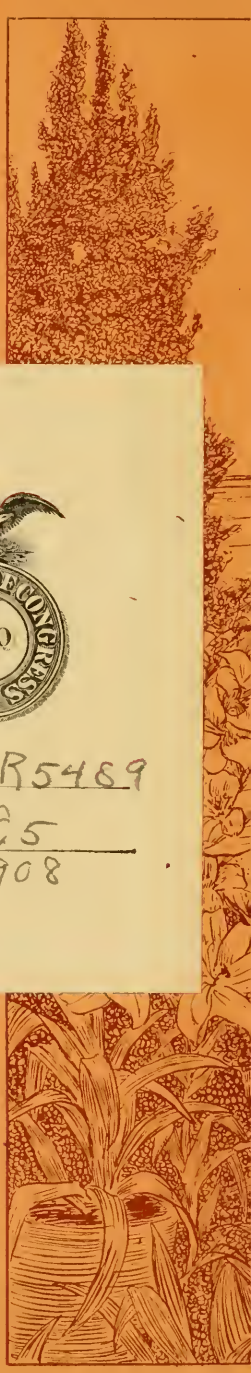

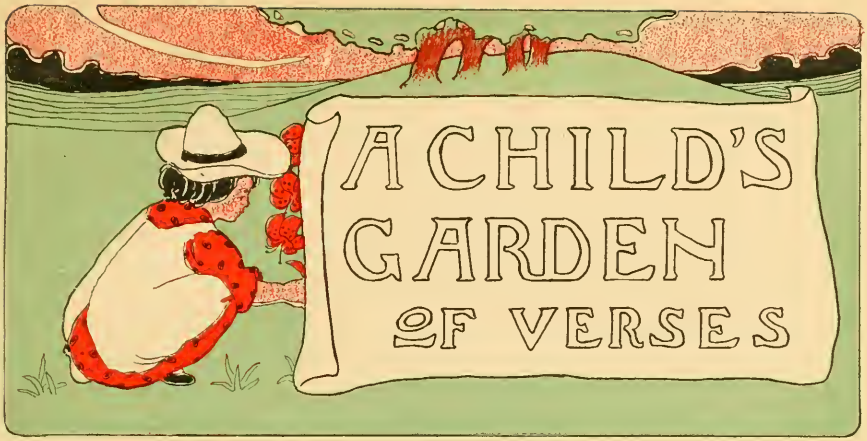

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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INTRODUCTION

Almost any day in the winter of 1880–81 there might have been seen crouched upon the attic floor of a certain chalet in the little Swiss town of Davos, a boy of perhaps twelve years of age and a man of thirty, playing with an army of tin soldiers! The attic was cold and poorly lighted and in places the eaves were so low that the two could not stand upright, but so absorbing was their occupation that neither had a thought for these discomforts. On the board floor a map was roughly drawn in colored crayons, on which were indicated mountains and rivers, towns, roads, and bridges, and the tin soldiers were marched here and there in a fascinating game that sometimes lasted for several weeks at a time, and which with the players went by the name of war. The man—or, rather, the elder boy, for he never quite grew up—was Robert Louis Stevenson, and the absorbing game was his invention, its object the entertainment of his companion and stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.

It is Mr. Osbourne himself who gives us this charming picture of boyhood days long past, when the Stevensons, for health's sake, had made their winter home in the little house in the mountains. He tells us, too, of the work with the toy press, on which were printed reports of the battles fought in the attic, as well as various periodicals of which he was the editor and publisher, while his playmate-father, in spite of his burden of ill health and the pressure of real work, was a regular contributor as writer and artist. From him, also, we learn of plays performed in a miniature theater which were as keenly enjoyed by the elder as by the younger of the comrades; for

whatever Louis Stevenson gave himself to, it was always his whole self that he gave.

Small wonder is it that this man—who to the last of his days retained that enthusiasm which made him as a child throw himself into his games in "a very passion of play"—could write for children in the spirit of a child. In him the power to reveal his personality in his writings was combined with that of recalling at any time sensations once experienced. And thus in the simple verses of his Garden we have a true picture of the frail, brown-eyed little boy whose restless nights faithful Cummie soothed; so many of whose days were spent in the Land of Counterpane, the pleasant aspect of which he was yet able to see; whose happiest hours were passed in the dear, delightful garden at Colinton—that "enchanted ground" where his vivid imagination ran riot.

While the quaint conceits and the deep philosophy of some of these poems of childhood are beyond the power of children to appreciate, the thoughts in the lines are children's thoughts and the point of view that of a child, and few are the childish readers who will not be captivated by their charm. And since an acquaintance with this man's work means an abiding joy in him that grows with familiarity, the teacher or parent who leads a child to form the acquaintance renders a service that is indeed worth while.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Even lacking the luster shed upon it by one of the foremost writers of the nineteenth century, the name of Stevenson would have been of note, for before that writer's birth two generations of his family which bore it, had achieved a worldwide reputation as engineers.

Robert Stevenson, the first of these, has gone down into history as builder of the Bell Rock beacon, though that famous tower was only one of many noble works—including lighthouses, bridges, and roads —designed and executed by him in the fifty years he served as chief engineer to the Scottish lighthouse board.

Of Robert Stevenson's thirteen children three sons embraced their father's profession and ably carried on his work, and the youngest of these, Thomas, is known as an authority on engineering, as well as the father of a remarkable son. Among the professional labors for which he and his brothers are known were the building of Skerryvore and other lighthouses, and the improvement of many harbors and rivers. He contributed much to the science of lighthouse illumination, bringing to perfection the revolving light. A sketch of him has been given us by his son in "Memories and Portraits," where we read:

"He was a man of a somewhat antique strain: with a blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish . . . ; with a profound essential melancholy of disposition and (what often accompanies it) the most humourous geniality in company; shrewd and childish; passionately attached, passionately prejudiced; a man of many extremes. . . . His talk, compounded of so much sterling sense, and so much freakish humour, and clothed in language so apt, droll, and emphatic, was a perpetual delight to all who knew him. . . . His use of language was both just and picturesque."

In a study of Robert Louis Stevenson we find that nearly all of the qualities here ascribed to the father were reproduced in the son.

Thomas Stevenson married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lewis Balfour, of whom there is a picture in "The Manse," an essay in "Memories and Portraits" descriptive of his home, about five miles from Edinburgh. Mrs. Stevenson was a woman of more than ordinary intellectual gifts—beautiful in character and person. From her, her son inherited much of that charm of manner that attracted all who met him, and from her, too, came certain weaknesses of constitution which in him developed later into chronic ill health.

This son was born November 13, 1850, in Edinburgh, which was his home, practically, for thirty years. He was christened Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, a name which combined those of his two grandfathers. Before he was of age he dropped the Balfour and changed his second name (by which he was called by his family and friends) in spelling, though not in pronunciation.

He was an only child and very frail, and had it not been for his faithful nurse, Alison Cunningham, the days in his Edinburgh home, so many of which were spent indoors, would have been very lonely ones. His mother, though devoted to him, was, herself, delicate during his childhood, and could not have him with her as much as she would have liked. She was able, however, to read to him a great deal, and by her he was taught to love the best in literature. His father was a busy man, though ever ready when at home to entertain the boy with thrilling tales of his own invention—for Thomas Stevenson was in no small measure responsible for his son's love of romance.

But there were times when life was very full of joy for this child, whose sweetness of disposition and vividness of imagination alike were remarkable. His mother had been one of thirteen children, and the old manse was always full of cousins. There, in the summer especially, were spent golden days, the brightness of which is reflected in the "Garden of Verses," "Child's Play," "Random Memories," "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored," and "A Chapter on Dreams."

Louis's schooling was irregular, beginning later than that of the

average child and repeatedly interrupted by illness and journeys from home with his parents. Even the formal studies of his course at Edinburgh University played less part in his education than the reading which he did for the love of it and his studies and travels in later life.

It was Thomas Stevenson's wish that his son should become an engineer, but though there were aspects of his father's work that Louis liked, especially that part of it which kept him out-of-doors, he felt that the only profession into which he could put his best effort was that of letters. His father looked upon literature as a pastime rather than a real profession, and he agreed to his son's giving up engineering only upon condition that he study law. At the age of twenty-five years Stevenson was called to the bar, but he never actually practised, and it soon became apparent to even his father that the natural career for his son was that of a writer.

For two years past Stevenson had been writing for publication (for he had been writing for practice from boyhood) and had contributed articles to various well-known English magazines. His first book was "An Inland Voyage," the account of a canoe trip through Belgium which he made with a friend in the spring of 1876. That autumn he made the excursion described in "Travels with a Donkey." His first published stories appeared in the following winter.

From this time on for several years he spent much of his time on the Continent, finding the climate of Edinburgh, especially in the winter, exceedingly trying. In France he met his future wife, Mrs. Osbourne, whose home was in California and who was the cause of his first visit to America. In 1880 he was married, in California, and as neither he nor his wife was in good health, they, with Mrs. Stevenson's son, Lloyd Osbourne, spent several months camping in the mountains of the Pacific coast. Their experiences are told in "The Silverado Squatters."

Stevenson with his wife and stepson now returned to Edinburgh, but it was not long before he was driven forth again in search of

health. This search continued for eight years. In spite of being virtually an invalid Stevenson did much of his best work in this period; to it belong among many others, "Treasure Island," "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," and several plays.

In 1887 Thomas Stevenson died, and soon after his death his son left Scotland forever, accompanied by his wife, his mother, and his stepson. The physicians had advised a more radical change of climate and life than was possible to the author in Europe, and he had determined again to try America.

The winter was passed in the Adirondacks, and no more charming reading can be found than Mrs. Thomas Stevenson's account of the experiences of the family there and during the yacht cruise on the Pacific which followed. In the next two years the Stevensons spent most of their time cruising among the South Sea Islands, in the end deciding to make their home in Samoa.

At Apia Stevenson bought the property which he named Vailima (Five Rivers), and here, "farmering" and writing, in better health than he had ever known, he lived for four happy years, surrounded by those dearest to him, and beloved by the Samoans, whose interests he had ever at heart. In 1894 he died suddenly, in the midst of literary activity and happy work on his estate, and his native friends cut a road through the forest and carried his body to the top of the mountain behind Apia. Here they buried him according to a wish he had once expressed and on his tomb they placed these words from his "Requiem,"

Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea;
And the hunter home from the hill.

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Go, little book, and wish to all,
Flowers in the garden, meat in
the hall,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.
R. L. S.

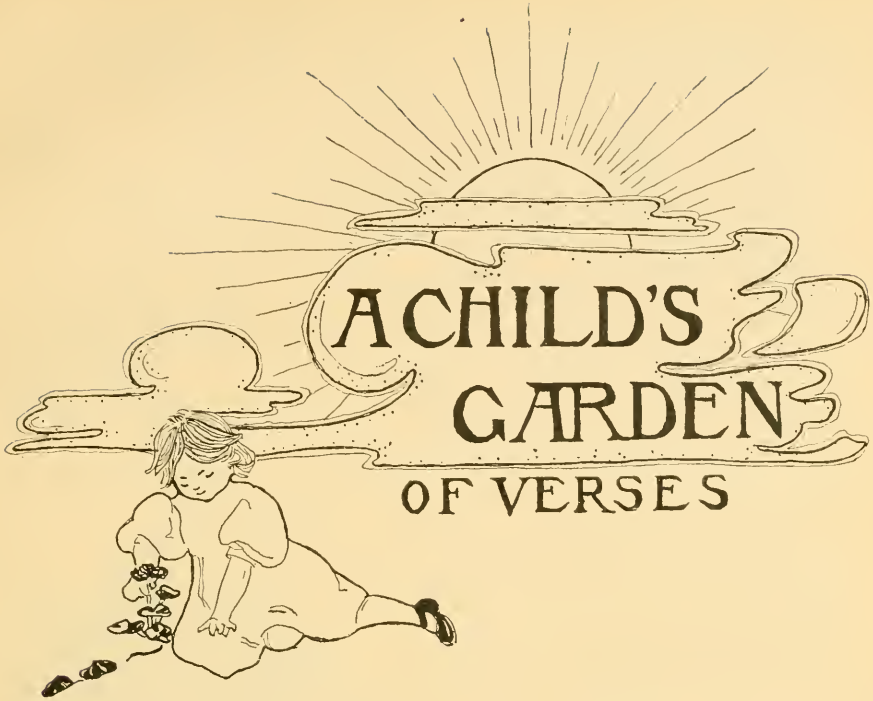
TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM

FROM HER BOY

For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

R. L. S.



TO ANY READER

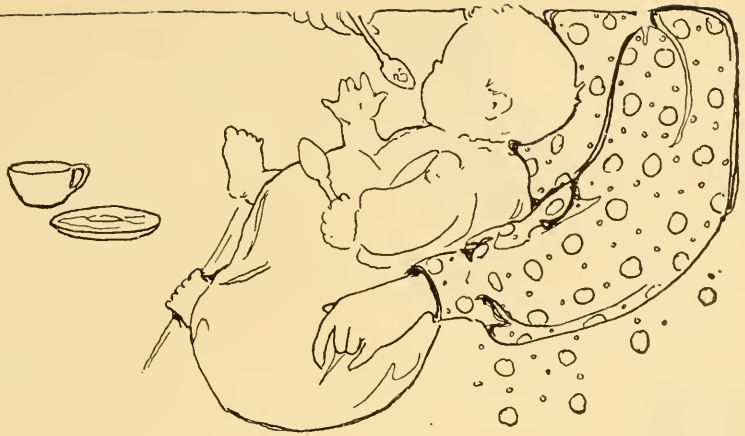
As from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees,
So you may see, if you will look
Through the windows of this book,
Another child, far, far away,
And in another garden play.
But do not think you can at all,

By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there.

TO MY MOTHER

You too, my mother, read my
rhymes
For love of unforgotten times,
And you may chance to hear once
more
The little feet along the floor.

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring-room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.



WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A CHILD should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

A THOUGHT

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

HAPPY THOUGHT
The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

LOOKING FORWARD

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

TIME TO RISE

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Aint you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"

THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

SYSTEM

Every night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I've been good,
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

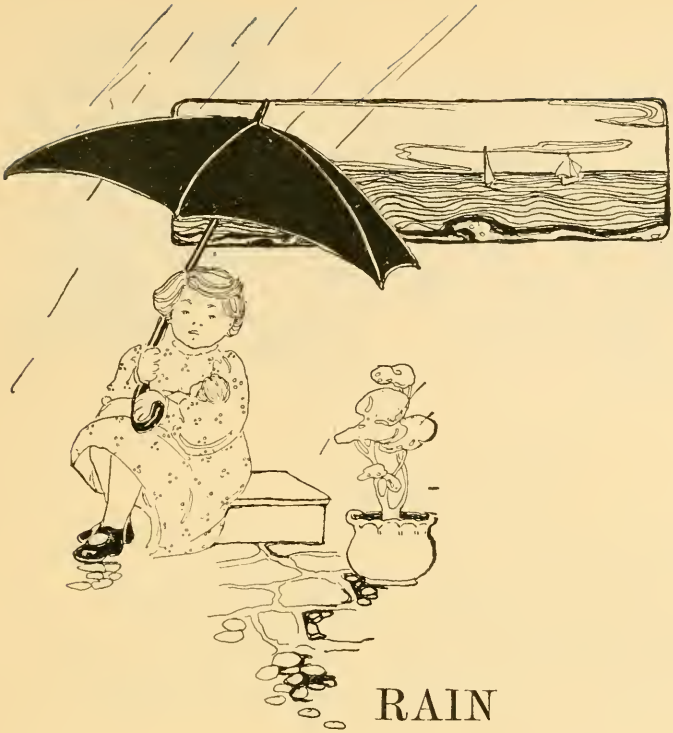
My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

TO AUNTIE

Chief of our aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurselings cry—
What did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?

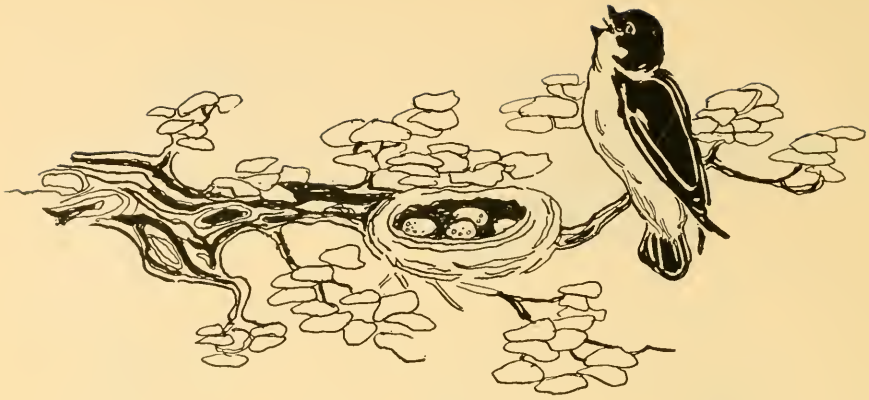
Auntie's Skirts.

Whenever Auntie moves around
Her dresses make a curious sound;
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.



RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.



SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

A GOOD BOY

I woke before the morning, I was happy
all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and
stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down
behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've
been good.

My bed is waiting, cool and fresh, with linen
smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleepsin-by, and not
forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the
sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no
ugly sight my eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in
the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs
round the lawn.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!

My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes
in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
is more than I can see.
He is very, very like
me from the
heels up to
the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he
likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is
always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an
india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought
to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort
of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward
you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

MY TREASURES

These nuts, that I keep in the back of the nest,
Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me
In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle was made (and how clearly it sounds!)
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own—
It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone!

The stone, with the white and the yellow and gray,
We discovered I cannot tell how far away;

And I carried it back although weary and cold,
For though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold.

But of all my treasures the last is the king,
For there's very few children possess such a thing;
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

MY KINGDOM

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
  No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
  Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
  For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
  And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
  The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
  For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
  Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
  To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
  And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
  How great and cool the rooms!

BLOCK CITY

What are you able to build with your
blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbour as well where my vessels
may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
And all in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

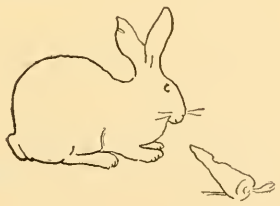
THE HAYLOFT

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in waggons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!



NEST EGGS

Birds all the sunny day
  Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbour-like
  Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
  The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
  The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

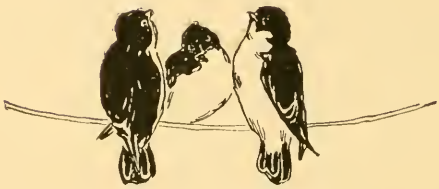
Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

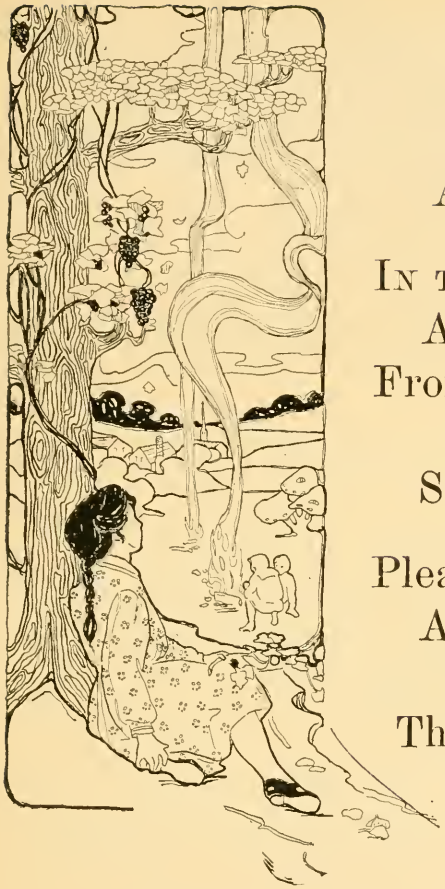
Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.





AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

THE FLOWERS

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these,
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

THE GARDENER

The gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener! summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days,
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

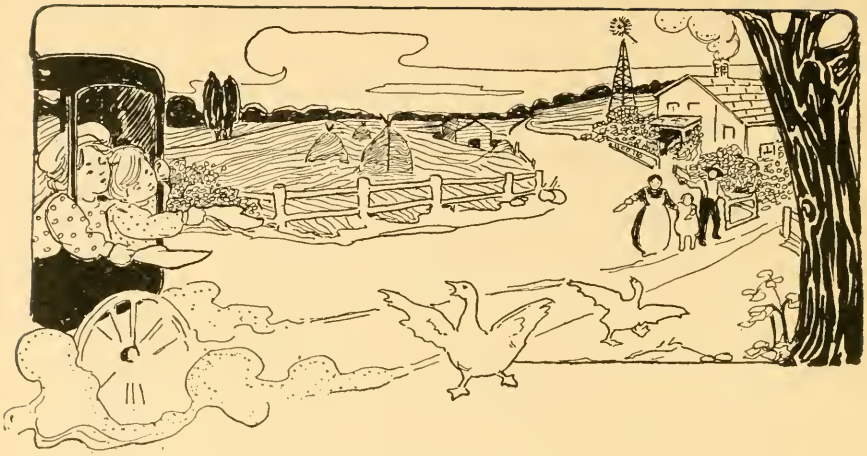
THE COW.

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:

She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.



FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,

O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

MARCHING SONG

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake";—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

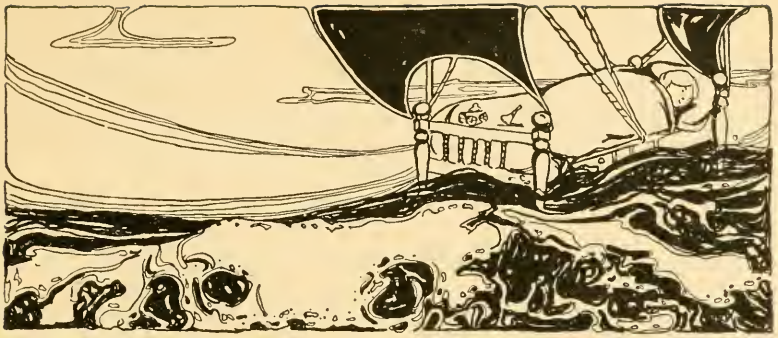
We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree.
Or hear the grown-up people's feet,
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



MY BED IS A BOAT

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

THE LAND OF NOD

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

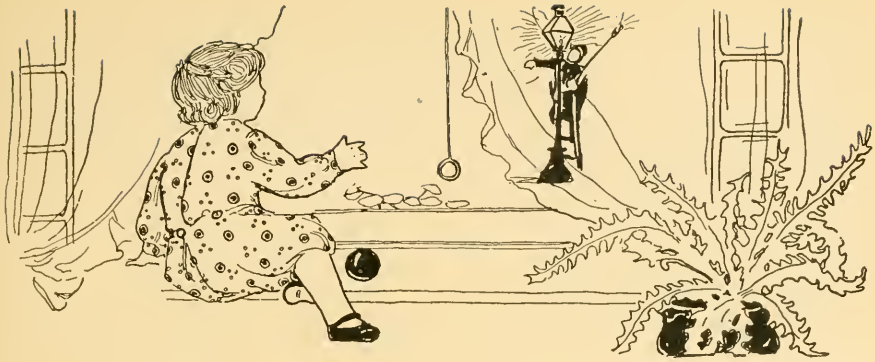
YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

All night long and every night,
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.



THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left
the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie
going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you
take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes
posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go
to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he
can be;

But I, when I am stronger and can choose
what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before
the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so
many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder
and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
to-night!

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the
hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

SUMMER SUN

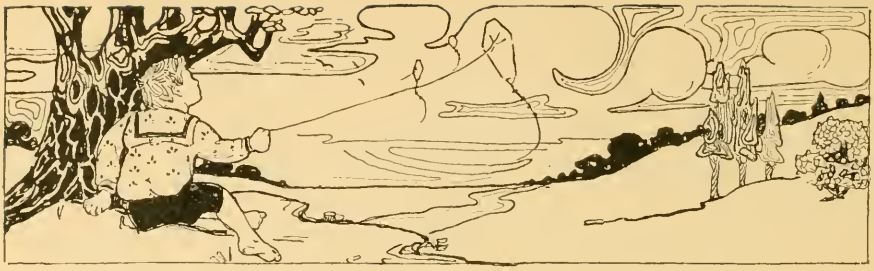
Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.



THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ARMIES IN THE FIRE

The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room:
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire;—
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Then once again the glow returns;
Again the phantom city burns;
And down the red-hot valley, lo!
The phantom armies marching go!

Blinking embers, tell me true
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces!

PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER

Summer fading, winter comes,
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

WINTER-TIME

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

KEEPSAKE MILL

Over the borders, a sin without pardon,
Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,

Wheel and keep roaring and foaming for ever
Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion,
Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled,
I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honoured and old and all gaily apparelled,
Here we shall meet and remember the past.

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me!
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy-land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

LOOKING-GLASS RIVER

Smooth it glides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam—
O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air—
How a child wishes
To live down there!

We can see our coloured faces
Floating on the shaken pool
Down in cool places
Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,
Dipping marten, plumping trout,
Spreads in a twinkle
And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other;
All below grows black as night,
Just as if mother
Had blown out the light!

Patience, children, just a minute—
See the spreading circles die;
The stream and all in it
Will clear by-and-by.

FOREIGN CHILDREN

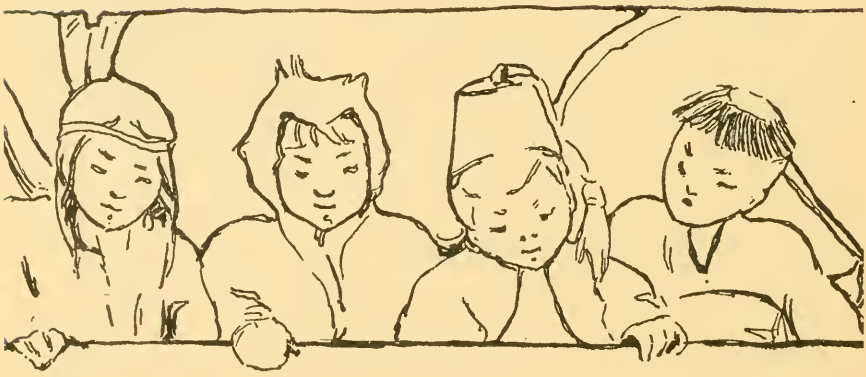
Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills:

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

MY SHIP AND I

O IT'S I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the
rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the
prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage
and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was
before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

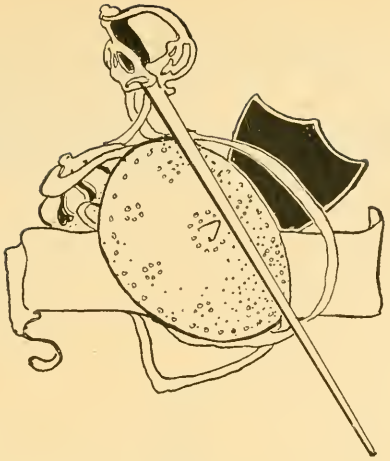
PIRATE STORY

Three of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!

Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad
as they can be,
The wicket is the harbour and the garden
is the shore.



HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

Dear Uncle Jim, this garden ground
That now you smoke your pipe around,
Has seen immortal actions done
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread,
While I for safety march ahead,
For this is that enchanted ground
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,

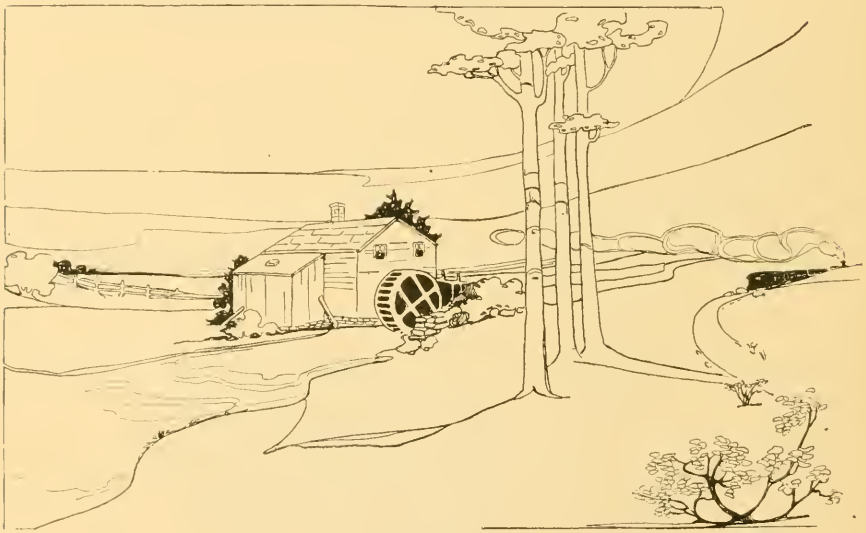
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see! apart and high,
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;

Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the
daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

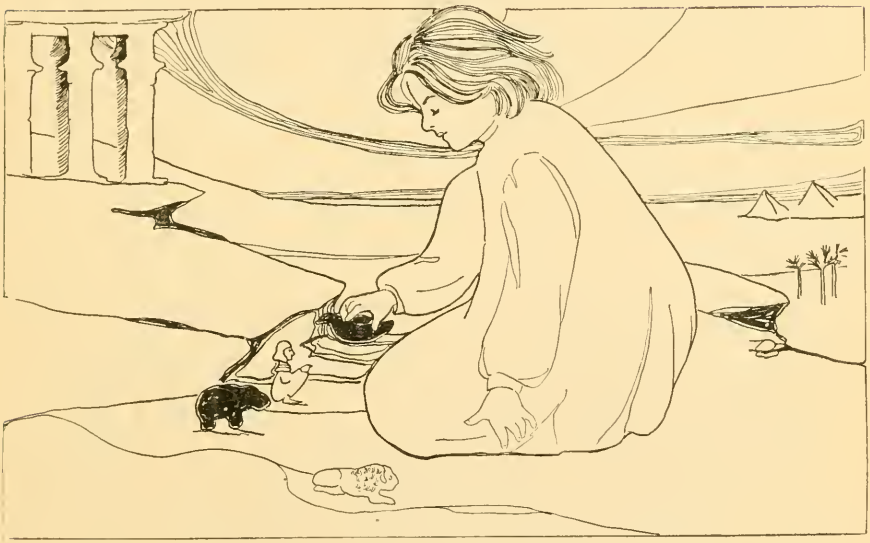


TRAVEL

I SHOULD like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—

Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.

There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room,
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.



THE LITTLE LAND

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves, like little ships.
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by,
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land

Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armour green—
(These have sure to battle been!)—
Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,

And talking nonsense all the time—
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

THE DUMB SOLDIER

When the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hide my hiding place;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

NIGHT AND DAY

When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber—
Glow-worm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles;
Till on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
Sleeping birds a-waking.

In the darkness shapes of things,
Houses, trees, and hedges,
Clearer grow; and sparrow's wings
Beat on window ledges.

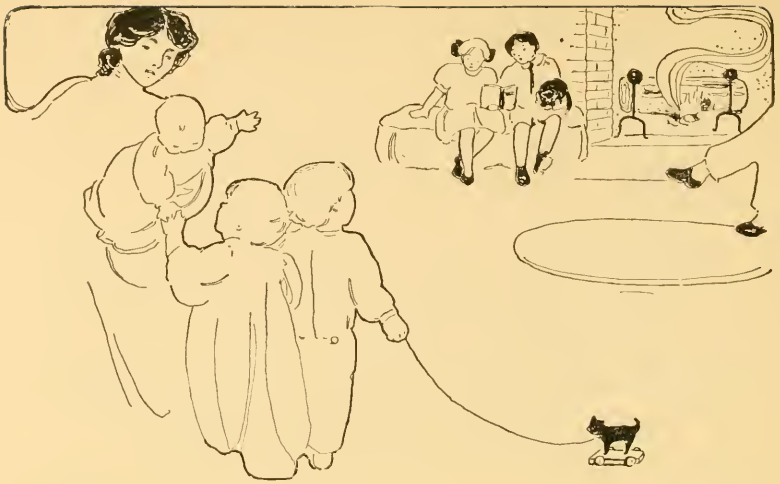
These shall wake the yawning maid;
She the door shall open—
Finding dew on garden glade
And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
Green and rosy painted,
As at eve behind the pane
From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,
Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow with day
Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
Where the dew reposes,

"Up!" they cry, "the day is come
On the smiling valleys:
We have beat the morning drum;
Playmate, join your allies!"



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

I GOOD-NIGHT

When the bright lamp is carried in,
The sunless hours again begin;
O'er all without, in field and lane,
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee
About the firelit hearth; and see
Our faces painted as we pass,
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

Farewell, O brother, sister, sire!
O pleasant party round the fire!
The songs you sing, the tales you tell,
Till far to-morrow, fare ye well!

II SHADOW MARCH

All round the house is the jet-black night;
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of Bogie in my hair,
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

III IN PORT

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we past.

Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the land of Nod at last.

APPENDIX

VOCABULARY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

VOCABULARY

Key: The pronunciation here indicated and the symbols used are those given in Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (1908); thus:

ā as in *ale.*
â as in *senate.*
ă as in *am.*
ä as in *ah.*
ȧ as in *ask.*
a as in *final.*
ą as in *awe.*

ē as in *eve.*
ê as in *defy.*
ĕ as in *end.*
ē as in *her.*
e as in *ab'sent.*

ī as in *bind.*
ĭ as in *bit.*

ō as in *bode.*
ô as in *oblige.*
ô as in *order.*
ŏ as in *odd.*

ū as in *use.*
ū as in *unite.*
u̱ as in *rude.*
ŭ as in *up.*
û as in *urn.*

y̆ as in *pity.*

o͞o as in *food.*
o͝o as in *wool.*
ou as in *out.*
oi as in *oil.*

g hard as in *go.*
j for *g* in *gem.*
s sharp as in *this.*
ch as in *chair.*
hw for *wh* in *what*
ng as in *sing.*
n̰ as in *ink.*
th as in *then.*

abroad (ȧ-brąd′): (1) away from home; far away; (2) in the open air.
action (ăk′shŭn): an act, a deed.
adorned (ȧdôrnd′): made beautiful.
adventure (ăd-vĕn′tūr): to go in search of adventures.
afloat (ȧ-flōt′): floating in a boat.
alert (ȧ-lērt′): wide-awake.

Ali Baba (ä′lē bä′bȧ): a character in the "Arabian Nights."
allies (properly, ăl-līz′, but here accented on the first syllable for the sake of the rhyme): (1) friends; (2) those united to us by treaty.
ancient (ān′shent) **ages**: olden times.
apace (ȧ-pās′): quickly, soon.
apparrelled (ăp-păr′rĕld): dressed.
arrant (ăr′rant): shameless.

Babylon (băb′ў-lŭn): an ancient eastern city, now in ruins.
balusters (băl′ŭs-tērz): the stair-rail.
barrow (băr′rō): wheel-barrow.
bazaar (bȧ-zär′): in eastern lands a market-place or collection of shops.
bewild'ring (bē-wĭl′drĭng): confusion, excitement.
billow (bĭl′lō): a big wave.
blink (bliŋk): to look with half-shut eyes.
Bogie (bō′gў): a hobgoblin, a ghost.
bound (bound): held a prisoner.
bramble (brăm′b'l): a prickly shrub.
breach (brēch): a break.
brink (brĭŋk): edge of a steep place, bank of a river.
brittle (brĭ′t'l): easily broken.
broom (brōōm): a plant having large yellow flowers, from the twigs of which brooms and brushes are made.
by (bī): near, close at hand.

caravan (kăr′ȧ-văn): a company of people traveling together.
cavern (kăv′ērn): a large cave.
clamber (klăm′bēr): to climb.
cock (kŏk): (1) to wink; (2) to put on one side.
cockatoo (kŏk-a-too′): a parrot-like bird.
counterpane (koun′tēr-pān): a covering for a bed.
crocodile (krŏk′ō-dīl): a huge reptile.
crook (krŏŏk): the staff of a shepherd.

Crow (krō): a member of the Crow tribe of Indians.
curious (kū′rĭ-ŭs): strange.

dale (dāl): a valley.
dell (dĕl): a hollow, a little ravine.
deserted (dē-zērt′ĕd): forsaken.
diet (dī-ĕt): food.
diminish (dĭ-mĭn′ĭsh): to become smaller, to grow less.
dimpled (dĭm-pl′d): covered with ripples.
dimpling (dĭm′plĭng): breaking into ripples.
double-quick (dŭb′′l-kwĭk): the fastest step in marching next to the run.

embark (ĕm-bärk′): to go on board a boat for a voyage.
embers (ĕm′bērz): hot coals in the ashes.
enchanted (ĕn-chănt′ĕd): under a spell.
enchanter (ĕn-chănt′ēr): one who charms by magic.
establish (ĕs-tăb′lĭsh): to build up.
estate (ĕs-tāt′): state of being.

festival (fĕs′tĭ-v*a*l): a feast, a celebration.
firelit (fīr′lĭt): lighted up by the flames.
flamingo (flȧ-mĭn̲′gō): a bird with long legs and webbed feet, usually red in color.
foreign (fŏr′ĭn): (1) distant; (2) strange; (3) belonging to another country.
free (frē): separated from the rest.
fright (frīt): to alarm.

gaby (gā′bў): a simpleton.
gird (gērd): to clothe, to wrap.
glade (glād): an open passage through a wood.
glitter (glĭt′tēr): to sparkle.
glory (glō′rў): (1) honor, fame; (2) the brightness and wonderful beauty.
glowing (glō′ĭng): shining.
gorse (gôrs): a thorny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers.

grace (grās): a blessing asked before a meal.
grenadier (grĕn-ȧ-dēr′): a member of a special regiment.

handy (hăn′dў): near.
haunted (hänt′ĕd): filled with ghosts.
hearty (härt′ў): bold, eager.
heather (hĕth′ēr): a low shrub with tiny evergreen leaves and pink flowers.
helm (hĕlm): that part of a ship by which the steering is done.
highland bonnet (hĭ′*l*and bŏn′nĕt): a cap worn by Scotch Highlanders.

increase (ĭn-krēs′): to become greater.
inmost (ĭn′mōst): deepest within.

jungle (jŭŋ′g'l): a dense growth of brushwood.

kirk (kērk): a church.
knotty (nŏt′tў): covered with knots or bumps.

laurel (lä′rĕl): an evergreen shrub.
lea (lē): a grassy field.
leaden (lĕd′'n): made of lead.
loiter (loi′tēr): to be slow in moving, to lag behind.
low (lō): to make the calling sound of cows.
lustre (lŭs′tēr): brightness.

Malabar (măl-ȧ-bär′): a district of India.
man-devouring (dē-vour′ĭng): man-eating.
mannerly (măn′nēr-lў): politely.
marten (mär′tĕn): a bird.
martial (mär′sh*a*l): warlike, brave.
marvellous (mär′vĕl-lŭs): wonderful.
minaret (mĭn′ȧ-rĕt): a tall, slender tower belonging to a mosque.
moil (moil): noisy working.
moored (mo͝or′d): anchored.

mortal (môr′t*a*l): subject to death.
mosque (mŏsk): a Mohammedan church.

nook (nŏŏk): a corner, a secluded retreat.
notion (nō′shŭn): idea.

palanquin (păl-*a*n-kēn′): an enclosed carriage borne on the shoulders of men by means of two projecting poles.
paven (pā′v'n): paved.
peril (pĕr′ĭl): danger.
phantom (făn′tŭm): ghostly.
pied (pīd): colored.
pillage (pĭl′lāj): goods taken from an enemy by force.
plane (plān): a kind of tree.
plod (plŏd): to move along slowly.
plot (plŏt): a small piece of ground; a bed of flowers or vegetables in a garden.
portal (pōr′t*a*l): a door or gate.
post (pōst): to hurry.
prow (prou): the fore part of a vessel, the bow.
prudent (prų′d*e*nt): careful, sensible.
pursue (pûr-sū′): to chase, to follow.

quay (kē): a wharf at which vessels are loaded and unloaded.

race (rās): the current of water that turns a mill-wheel.
rear (rēr): that part of an army which comes last.
reeds (rēdz): tall, coarse grass.
repose (rē-pōz′): rest.
retiring (rē-tīr′ĭng) **room**: private room; retreat.
rook (rŏŏk): a bird resembling a crow.
rushes (rŭsh′ĕz): marsh-growing plants.

sage (sāj): a wise man.
scythe (sīth): a long, curving blade, made fast to a long handle, with which grass or grain is cut.

sedately (sē-dāt'lў): quietly, in a dignified way.
Sioux (sōō): a member of the Sioux tribe of Indians.
sire (sīr): father.
sleepsin-by (slēp'sĭn-bī): the land of sleep.
sluice (slūs): a water-gate.
smock (smŏk): a blouse.
solitude (sŏl'ĭ-tūd): a lonely place.
sorrel (sŏr'rĕl): a plant.
squadron (skwŏd'rŭn): a part of a fleet of vessels.
stately (stāt'lў): grand.
stoned (stōn'd): sharpened and ready for use.
stray (strā): to wander away.
sweep (swēp): one who sweeps or cleans chimneys.

thyme (tīm): a plant.
tile (tīl): a piece of burnt clay or broad thin brick used to cover houses.
troops (trōōps): soldiers.
trundle (trŭn'd'l): to roll along.
turf (tûrf): grass.

undaunted (ŭn-dänt'ĕd): bold, fearless.
unduly (ŭn-dū'lў): too much.

vale (vāl): a valley.
valiant (văl'yant): bravely fought.
vanish (văn'ĭsh): to go out of sight.

wary (wā'rў): watchful.
weir (wēr): a dam.
well (wĕl): a spring.
whin (hwĭn): gorse, a thorny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers.
wicket (wĭk'ĕt): a small gate.
wide (wīd): far.
wimple (wĭm'p'l): a ripple.
without (with-out'): outside, out-of-doors.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Alison Cunningham (P. 15): the faithful nurse and loving friend and playmate of Robert Louis Stevenson during his childhood.

Chief of Our Aunts (P. 29): Miss Jane Balfour, eldest sister of Stevenson's mother; for many years her father's housekeeper, and a devoted foster-mother to all the many nephews and nieces who visited at the Manse.

Dog, The (P. 72): the name of a constellation, or group of fixed stars.

Great Wall, The (P. 107): a wall seventeen hundred miles long, built in the fourteenth century, between Mongolia and China proper — the mightiest work of defense in the world. Most of it is now in a state of decay. The parts of it which are kept in repair for customs purposes are thirty feet high and twenty-one feet thick, and faced with great blocks of granite.

Hunter, The (P. 72): a group of stars sometimes called the Archer.

Plough, The (P. 72): a group of seven stars known also as the Dipper.

Star of the sailor (P. 72): the North Star.

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